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CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER™

DC Epic Comics® Book 12 \$4.50 \$5.20 CAN

Inside:



John Rozum
Rod Whigham

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Nicholas Vince
Sam Kieth



foreword
D.G. Chichester

With My Lips
John Rozum
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Rod Whigham
artist

Matt Hollingsworth
color artist
Phil Felix
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**Devil's Brigade, Part Ten:
Black and White**

Denys Cowan
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Noelle Giddings
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**Devil's Brigade Part Eleven:
Believe the Sinners**

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afterword

Marc McLaurin

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CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER.™ Book 12.

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FOREWORD

It's been suggested by those in low places (which, by the inverse logic that governs this celebration of the infernal, means very high up editorially) that a refresher course in the finer points of The Devil's Brigade might be in order, especially as we enter the home stretch on this sprawling shared universe sin-fest. So, gentle reader and dear student of the abyss, crack the spine on your. . .notebook; sharpen the point on your. . .pencil; and do try and keep up as we make the trip *down*. . .

Hell has entered what they call the "Time Of Configuration," a laconic way of saying that the very fabric of diabolic reality is about to come apart at the hellish seams. Six humans stand at crossroads of order and chaos: Michael Decourcy, leader of a white South African republic that stands for democracy or fascism; Father Peter Abaddon, an earnest televangelist whose broadcasts promise enlightenment or inquisition; Leo Shabel, whose community projects will either draw a neighborhood together or fill its gutters with blood; Lester George and Jillian Elliot, inner city cops set to be champions of inter-racial relations or the cause of a city-wide race riot; and Dr. Casey Gioeli, whose medical crusade will either find a cure for AIDS or release another deadly plague of her own creation.

Five Cenobites must use their fiendish influence to set the humans on the path of order: Abigor, a fierce female warrior; Balberith, the wicked, shuffling librarian of the pit's darkest tomes; Face, Hell's resident thespian, wearing skin-masks of comedy and tragedy; the unpredictable Atkins, whose brutal temper is almost as large as his sulphurous weaponry; and the nameless one, damnation's favorite son whose piercings ring his head in endless rows of icy pins that proclaim his everlasting allegiance to the cause of Hell and its god, Leviathan.

If order comes out in the majority, Hell will prevail and move forward in its war on the flesh; if chaos should carry the day, then the carefully contained structure of the inferno will be no more. . .and what would you do with that \$4.50 every six weeks? But best not to dwell on such dire forecasts, not when there are others out there to do it for you. John Rozum and Rod Whigham team up for an insider's view of romance in hell in "With My Lips" with color by Matthew Hollingsworth; The Book Of The Damned's Larry Wachowski teams with Deathlok's Denys Cowan on "Black & White," a boiling point for the aforementioned Michael Decourcy's tenuous regime; and in "Believe The Sinners," Nicholas Vince (soon to be appearing behind the keyboard in Nightbreed!) matches up with Sam Kieth (very hot over in Marvel Comics Presents!) and Sam Parsons as Balberith brings Father Abaddon to the edge . . .and beyond.

Got all that? You'll want to study hard — there'll be a test later.

And predictably enough for this course, it's a killer. . .

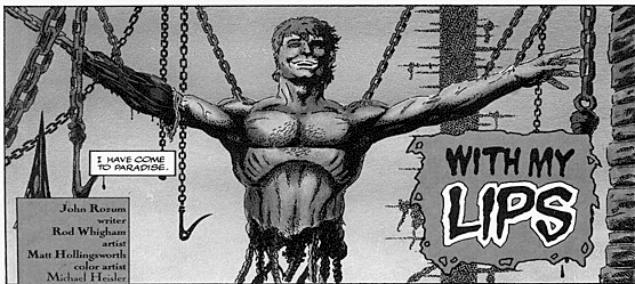
— Daniel Chichester
consulting editor





WHEN I WAS A CHILD,
I USED TO THINK THAT
DISNEY WORLD WAS THE
HAPPIEST PLACE ON
EARTH.

I WAS WRONG.



I HAVE COME
TO PARADISE.

WITH MY
LIPS

John Rozum
writer
Rod Whigham
artist
Matt Hollingsworth
color artist
Michael Heiler
letterer



THAT THING ABOUT
TEACHING OLD DOGS
NEW TRICKS? IT'S
A LIFE.

THOSE ARE THE BEST ONES
TO LEARN. THEY'RE THE MOST
GRATIFYING.



THE CENOBITES PROVIDED ME
WITH WHAT THEY HAD PROM-
ISED; "PLEASURE BEYOND MY
WILDEST DREAMS." I'M SUR-
PRISED THEY DIDN'T LAUGH
AT MY EXPECTATIONS.



HEIGHTENED SENSES. THE
ABILITY TO FEEL THE TERROR
IN A BIRD'S HEART, SMELL
THE SALT IN A TEAR RUNNING
DOWN A BABY'S CHEEK,
TASTE A BUMBLEBEE ON A
GRAIN OF POLLEN LOST IN
FLIGHT...

I EXPECTED GREAT SEX. HIGHS
LIKE NO DRUG COULD PROVIDE.
DREAMS MADE REAL. *MUNDANE*
COMPARED TO WHAT THEY
GAVE ME!



...AND THE PAIN / PASSION OF
MEMORIES SO REAL THAT I
WAS THROWN INTO A TEMPO-
RAL BACKLASH.



THEY GAVE ME ALL OF THIS AND
THE GREATEST PLEASURE OF
ALL. IN HINDSIGHT I CAN'T BE-
LIEVE THAT I OVERLOOKED IT
IN LIFE.

LIKE THE SNAPPY COMEBACK
WHICH ONLY COMES LONG
AFTER THE INCIDENT ITSELF
HAS PASSED.



ALL OF THOSE WONDERFUL
PLEASURES GRANTED BY
MY ENHANCED SENSES
OVERWHELMED ME UNTIL
THEY BECAME TOO MUCH TO
BEAR. BUT THE PAIN WAS
EXORCIZING... AND BECAME
THE GREATEST PLEASURE
OF ALL.





SHE CAME ALONG AFTER THEY BROUGHT ME HERE. SHE WITH HER AMAZING TOUCH. SHE UNDERSTOOD THE CONNECTION BETWEEN PAIN AND PLEASURE PERFECTLY.



SHE WAS A MASSEUSE OF TORTURE. A SKILLED CRAFTSMAN COMPLETELY AT ONE WITH HER WORK.



I SHUDDERED AND TINGLED AT EVERY CARESS, AT EACH BREATH OF HER'S WHICH REACHED MY SKIN. SHE WAS DOING THINGS TO ME THAT I NEVER DREAMED ANOTHER BEING WAS CAPABLE OF DOING.

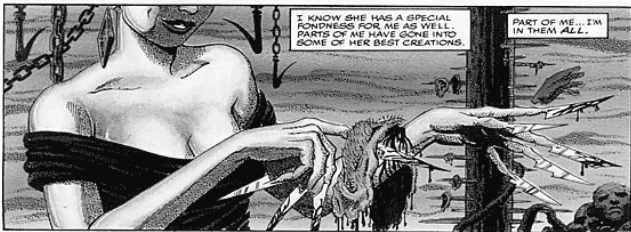


THE REMOVAL OF MY PHYSICAL PARTS MEANT THE REMOVAL OF THE SENSATIONS WHICH THOSE AREAS PROVIDED ME. THESE LOST SENSATIONS FORCED THE HEIGHTENING OF THOSE IN OTHER AREAS TO COMPENSATE FOR THE LOSS.



SENSATIONS INTER-MINGLED ON MY NERVE ENDINGS LIKE SINGLE NOTES OF MUSIC COMING TOGETHER TO CREATE A BEAUTIFUL SYMPHONY.

I COULDN'T NOT FALL IN LOVE WITH HER.



I KNOW SHE HAS A SPECIAL FONDNESS FOR ME AS WELL. PARTS OF ME HAVE GONE INTO SOME OF HER BEST CREATIONS.

PART OF ME... I'M IN THEM ALL.



IF ONLY I HAD KNOWN ABOUT HER WHEN THE OTHER CENOBITES HAD ASKED ME WHAT IT WAS I DESIRED. MY PASSION FOR HER AND WHAT SHE DID TO ME TRANSCENDED ANYTHING THAT MERE WORDS SUCH AS LUST, OR EVEN LOVE COULD ENCOMPASS.

IF ONLY I COULD'VE TOLD HER HOW I FELT...



...BUT MY TONGUE WAS ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS TO GO.



MR. SHINE NEEDS A PANCREAS, MY SWEET, AND YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN SUCH A GOOD PROVIDER.

SHIT!!



"MY SWEET," SHE CALLED ME HER SWEET. HER VOICE WAS LIKE THE SIGH OF AN ANGEL AND PROVIDED ME WITH THE COOLEST CHILL WHENEVER I HEARD IT.



WHENEVER SHE WAS NEAR I EXPERIENCED A SEXUAL HIGH LIKE NONE I'D EVER KNOWN. GOD, HOW I WANTED HER.



IF ONLY I COULD'VE TOLD HER.

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE
TROUBLE CAME TO PARADISE.

IT HADN'T BEEN THE FIRST TIME
HE'D COME. THE DELIVERY BOY
HAD BEEN HERE COUNTLESS
TIMES BEFORE. IT WAS HIS "JOB."
HE EVEN BROUGHT ME.

IT WAS A REASON
THAT I DID NOT LIKE.

AFTER A WHILE I SENSED
THERE WAS ANOTHER REASON
HE KEPT COMING BACK.

DID NOT LIKE
ONE BIT.

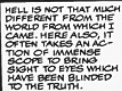
I PRAYED WITH EVERY FIBER OF MY BEING
THAT I WAS WRONG, THAT I WAS READING
TOO MUCH INTO THINGS, MISINTERPRETING
THEM. BUT I KNEW I WASN'T. I WAS ABOUT
TO DISCOVER THE DRAWBACKS OF HAVING
HEIGHTENED SENSES.

AS TIME PROGRESSED,
THINGS ONLY GOT
WORSE. ANY DENIALS
WHICH I TRIED TO
PRESERVE WERE
QUICKLY CRUSHED.

I WAS RAPIDLY LEARN-
ING THE TRUTH ABOUT
PAIN. A PAIN DEEPER
THAN ANY I'VE EVER
BEEN EXPOSED TO.

A PAIN WHICH
COULD NEVER
BE MISTAKEN
FOR PLEASURE.

EVEN HERE,
IN HELL.

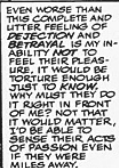


HELL IS NOT THAT MUCH DIFFERENT FROM THE WORLD FROM WHICH I CAME. HERE ALSO, IT OFTEN TAKES AN ACTION OF IMMENSE SCOPE TO BRING SIGHT TO EYES WHICH HAVE BEEN BLINDED TO THE TRUTH.

I WAS MUCH MORE THAN A FOOL TO HAVE DELUDED MYSELF INTO BELIEVING THAT SHE COULD EVER LOVE ME BACK...



...THAT SHE COULD EVER HAVE THOUGHT OF ME AS ANYTHING MORE THAN MEAT, MATERIAL WITH WHICH TO WORK HER CRAFT.

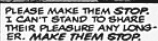


EVEN WORSE THAN THIS COMPLETE AND UTTER FEELING OF DEFECTION AND BETRAYAL IS MY INABILITY NOT TO FEEL THEIR PLEASURE. IT WOULD BE TORTURE ENOUGH JUST TO KNOW, WHY MUST THEY DO IT RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME? NOT THAT IT WOULD MATTER, I'D BE ABLE TO SENSE THEIR ACTS OF PASSION EVEN IF THEY WERE MILES AWAY.



THE SMELL OF HER WETNESS, THE SOUNDS OF THEIR SHARED ECSTASY, THE WARMTH OF HIS ERECTION, SENSATIONS WHICH WOULD NORMALLY BRING ME MORE PLEASURE THAN TO THEIR SOURCE. NOW CAUSE ME MORE PAIN THAN A THOUSAND HOT NEEDLES BEING SLOWLY PUSHED INTO MY EYE.

OH GOD, I WISH THEY'D STOP.



PLEASE MAKE THEM STOP. I CAN'T STAND TO SHARE THEIR PLEASURE ANY LONGER. MAKE THEM STOP.



FOR THE FIRST TIME, I TRULY FEEL THAT I AM IN HELL.

THE CYCLE IS COMPLETE.



THIS WOMAN THAT I SO DESIRE, SHE WHO HAS SHOWN ME THAT THE MOST UNBEARABLE PAIN COULD BECOME THE PINNACLE OF PLEASURE, HAS NOW SHOWN ME THAT THE GREATEST PLEASURE COULD BE THE ULTIMATE FORM OF SUFFERING.

I WANTED SO MUCH TO BE ABLE TO HATE HER. I TRIED SO HARD.

MY LATEST IS NEARLY FINISHED, MY SWEET. IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE WE BEGIN ANOTHER, YOU AND I.



I COULDN'T, NO MATTER WHAT. I WAS STILL CONSUMED WITH DESIRE FOR HER.



I WONDER, IF I HADN'T DISGRACED MYSELF AT THE LAST MINUTE, IF I HADN'T FOREVER BLOWN MY CHANCES OF BECOMING A CENOBITE LIKE SHE IS, WOULD THINGS BE DIFFERENT FOR US?



LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR HAND MY SWEET.

WOULD IT HAVE BEEN HER HANDS THAT WOULD HAVE FREED ME FROM THE SCRAPS OF HUMANITY SURROUNDING ME INTO A CREATURE OF LEVIATHAN?

WERE THEY HER HANDS THAT BUILT HER CURRENT LOVER?





NATURALLY, HE KEPT COMING BACK.



EVEN WHEN HE WASN'T BRINGING HER ANY SUPPLIES.



I WAS SO INTENT ON TRYING TO BLOCK OUT THEIR ECSTASY THAT I ALMOST MISSED HIS SURPRISING REACTION.

HIS MOMENT OF PAIN.

HIS YEARNING FOR A SIMPLE PLEASURE OF WHICH HE COULD NOT PARTAKE.



OH HOW I RELISHED THAT MOMENT OF HIS FRUSTRATION. IT WAS LIKE A STAB OF HOPE TEARING INTO MY OWN DESPAIR. IT WAS MY LAST MOMENT OF TRUE PLEASURE. IN RETROSPECT I SHOULD HAVE SA- VORED IT MORE THEN, BECAUSE ITS RAGGED MEMORY PRO- VIDES ME WITH LITTLE COM- FORT NOW.



THEN I HEARD HER COMFORT- ING WORDS. HER PROMISE TO HELP FULFILL HIS WISH. IT WAS LIKE EVERY QUEASY FEELING I'D EVER HAD COMING BACK AT ONCE.

BECAUSE I KNEW WHAT WAS COMING NEXT.



IT WAS THE ICING ON THE CAKE OF MY TORT- MENT. I ONLY HOPED THAT IT WOULDN'T BE ME SHE CAME TO.



LET HER PICK ANYONE BUT ME.



THE WORST PART WAS HAVING TO WATCH, TO FEEL HIS ULTIMATE JOY AND FULFILLMENT AS HE WAS FINALLY ABLE TO DO WHAT I'D ALWAYS WANTED TO.





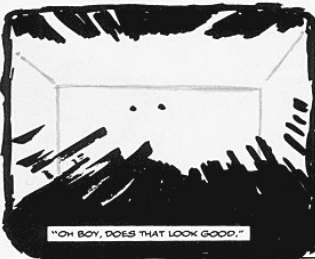




"MMM, THAT SMELLS DELICIOUS."



"IS IT READY YET? HA, HA, I'M REALLY STARVING."



"OH BOY, DOES THAT LOOK GOOD."



MICHAEL?
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

I'M FINE. IT
WAS A DREAM.
JUST A DREAM.

DEVIL'S BRIGADE

MICHAEL,
FOR GOD'S
SAKE, EAT
SOMETHING.

PART 10

HERE WE
GO AGAIN, EH,
LOUIS?

YES,
SIR.

MICHAEL DECOURCY IS THE PRIME MINISTER OF VOLKSBLAND, A SMALL COUNTRY THAT OWES MUCH OF ITS HISTORY TO THE GREAT TREK OF THE SOUTH AFRIKANER PIONEERS.

LIKE SOUTH AFRICA, VOLKSBLAND HAS LONG BEEN A COUNTRY DIVIDED BY ITS GOVERNMENT'S APARTHEID POLICIES.

RECENTLY DECOURCY HAD INITIATED THE PROCESSES OF REFORM, BUT UNDER A CONSERVATIVE PARLIAMENT, THESE REFORMS BECAME TOKEN GESTURES THAT SERVED ONLY TO AGGRAVATE ESCALATING TENSIONS.

TWO DAYS AGO THOSE TENSIONS EXPLODED IN A BLOODY RIOT AT THE INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION.

BLACK & WHITE

Larry Wachowski
writer
Denys Cowan
artist
Noelle Giddings
color artist
Michael Heisler
letterer



AND...UH... I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT THERE IS MORE BAD NEWS. LONDON OIL CALLED THIS MORNING. THEY ARE PULLING OUT.

"OUR STOCKHOLDERS ARE NO LONGER COMFORTABLE WITH THE SITUATION THAT IS DEVELOPING THERE."

GLOBE GLASS AND STEEL IS THREATENING TO PULL OUT UNLESS THEY GET MORE PROTECTION FOR THEIR PLANTS.

SIR, ECONOMICALLY WE HAVE THE PLAGUE. UNLESS SOMETHING IS DONE QUICKLY, WE ARE GOING TO ROT AWAY.

YES...YES, PIETER, I KNOW...

PIETER SCHOEMAN, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR, IS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE MOST INFLUENTIAL IN DECOURCY'S CABINET. HE WAS ONCE CONSIDERED A MODERATE.

THINGS HAVE CHANGED.

...THOSE ARE THE PROBLEMS. I NEED SOLUTIONS.

LEVIATHAN CHOSE ABABOR FOR THIS MISSION IN VOLKSLAND.

AND SHE'S CHOSEN SCHOEMAN. ONLY HE CAN HEAR HER--OR FEEL HER.

ONLY THEY CAN SHOW DECOURCY THE WAY, LEVIATHAN'S WAY, THE PATH OF ORDER.

HE'S GROWN WEAK. HE HASN'T EATEN OR SLEPT SINCE THE INDEPENDENCE DAY RIOT. NOW IS THE TIME. BEGIN.

MR. PRIME MINISTER, VOLKSLAND IS ON THE VERGE OF A CIVIL WAR. OUR EVERY MOVE MUST BE MADE WITH UTMOST CARE AND CAUTION.

THE LAST THING WE NEED ARE OUTSIDERS SENSATIONALIZING OUR ACTIONS.

UNTIL A MORE STABLE CONDITION HAS BEEN REACHED, I SUGGEST A BLACKOUT, INCLUDING THE EXPULSION OF ALL FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS AND DIPLOMATS AND THE TEMPORARY CLOSING OF OUR BORDERS.



I DISAGREE COMPLETELY!

NILES HOLLANDER--
YOUR MINISTER
OF EDUCATION.



HE WILL
BE A
PROBLEM.

NILES?

A BLACKOUT AND THE CLOSING OF
OUR BORDERS WILL CREATE PANIC.
IF WE'RE TO AVOID THIS "WAR," WE
MUST CONTINUE TO COMMUNICATE--
PANIC WILL MAKE THAT IMPOSSIBLE!

MICHAEL, I CAN GET CHARULA TO
COME HERE, TO TALK. THE AFRICANS
TRUST AND BELIEVE HIM.



WHEN WE BEGIN
TO NEGOTIATE, THINGS
MAY CALM DOWN.



HIS WORDS
SPEAK OF REASON,
AND LOGIC.

BUT LOOK NOW AND SEE THE
PASSION BEHIND THEM...



"...THIS IS HOW THE EDUCATION
MINISTER SPENDS HIS EVENINGS.



AS HE WATCHED, SOMETHING
ABOUT THE WAY THE TWO
Held EACH OTHER ESPECIALLY
BOtherED SHOEman.

"HERE IS WHERE
HIS TRUE PASSION,
AND WEAKNESS,
LIE.

THIS WAS NOT
SEX HE WAS
WATCHING.

THIS WAS
LOVE.



GASP.
A KAFFIR!



"HER NAME IS ZOYA.
FIND HER, AND WE
HAVE FOUND OUR
MISSION--

"--AND ORDER WILL
SWEEP THIS LAND
LIKE THE FIRESTORM.
LEVIATHAN'S WILL
BE DONE



NIGHT, IN A SMALL ROOM
AT DECOURCY UNIVERSITY.

A ROOM THAT FUNCTIONS
AS AN OFFICE, A BEDROOM,
AND A RETREAT.



OH LORD...
TAKE ME NOW...
I'M READY.

LOVER, YOU'RE
PRAYING IN THE
WRONG DIRECTION.
THAT WAS AS CLOSE
TO HEAVEN AS A
SINNER LIKE YOU
IS GOING TO
GET.



OH ALAS, YET
ANOTHER VIRTUOUS
AND CIVILIZED WHITE
MAN HAS BEEN LED
INTO THE FOLD OF
SATAN BY A DARK-
SKINNED, BUT WELL-
PROPORTIONED,
SAVAGE WOMAN.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT
WAS AN INNOCENT BUT BEAU-
TIFUL NATIVE GIRL WHO WAS
BEING CORRUPTED AND DE-FLOW-
ERED BY A RICH AND POWERFUL
LANDOWNER.

I LIKE
THAT ONE.



BUT HOW ABOUT
THIS-- THE MINISTER
OF EDUCATION OF A SMALL
AFRICAN COUNTRY TAKES
THE MOST GIFTED AND BEAU-
TIFUL TEACHER HE'S EVER
KNOWN ON A PLANE TO
SWEDEN...

...WHERE THEY LIVE
OUT THE REMAINDER
OF THEIR LIVES AND
FANTASIES HAPPILY
EVER AFTER.



OH NILES...
THAT SOUNDS
BEAUTIFUL. BUT YOU
KNOW HOW I FEEL.
I CAN'T JUST LEAVE.
RUN AWAY.



I KNOW, IT'S JUST THAT AFTER
THE CONFERENCE THIS MORNINGS...
I'M WORRIED.

WHAT
HAPPENED? DID
DECOURCY--?



NO, IT WASN'T MICHAEL. HE DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING ANYMORE, JUST LISTENS. HE LOOKS TERRIBLE. I DON'T THINK HE'S EATEN IN DAYS.



IT WAS SCHOEMAN. I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HIM.

HE'D ALWAYS BEEN THE VOICE OF REASON, BUT OVER THE LAST WEEK HE'S MADE THE MOST DISTURBING REMARKS AND THIS MORNING HE SUGGESTED WE INITIATE A NEWS BLACKOUT AND CLOSE OUR BORDERS.

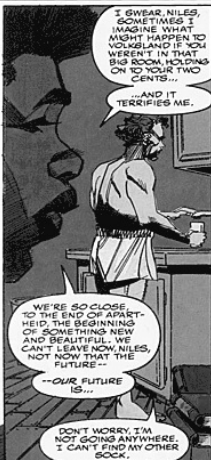


OH MY GOD--

NATURALLY, I OBJECTED. I EXPECTED SOME KIND OF ARGUMENT, BUT SCHOEMAN JUST SAT THERE, MUMBLING TO HIMSELF AND STARING AT ME LIKE HE... I DON'T KNOW...

... I JUST WANTED TO GET THE HELL OUT OF THERE--HERE--OUT OF VOLKSLAND

THANK GOD YOU WERE THERE TO SAY SOMETHING!



I SWEAR, NILES, SOMETIMES I IMAGINE WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO VOLKSLAND IF YOU WEREN'T IN THAT BIG ROOM, HOLDING ON TO YOUR TWO CENTS...

...AND IT TERRIFIES ME.

WE'RE SO CLOSE TO THE END OF APARTHEID. THE BEGINNING OF SOMETHING NEW AND BEAUTIFUL. WE CAN'T LEAVE NOW, NILES, NOT NOW THAT THE FUTURE--

--OUR FUTURE IS...

DON'T WORRY, I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE. I CAN'T FIND MY OTHER SOCK.



I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU SOMETHING, NILES, AND YOU'RE NOT LISTENING.

I'M SORRY, TEACHER, BUT DURING RECESS, I WORKED UP QUITE A THIRST.



LISTEN, MISTER, DROP THAT CUP NOW, AND GET THAT PALE BUTT OVER HERE.



WHAT I WAS ABOUT TO SAY WAS, YOU'VE GOT A NEW, VESTED INTEREST IN THE FUTURE, NOW.

YOU SEE, MY LOVE, THERE'S SOMETHING IMPORTANT I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TELL YOU...





THAT'S YOUR
GREAT-GREAT-GREAT
GRANDFATHER, JOSEPH
DECOURCY.



WHEN HE AND THOSE
WHO WERE FOLLOWING
HIM STOOD HERE AFTER
CROSSING THESE MOUN-
TAINS, THIS LAND WAS
VIRTUALLY A DESERT.

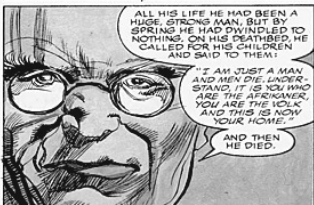
BUT THEY FOUGHT
FOR IT; FOUGHT THE
ZULU, THE BRITISH, THE
LAND ITSELF.



IT WAS SWEAT AND
BLOOD, AFRICANER
BLOOD, THAT MADE THIS
LAND FERTILE.

UNDER HIS
LEADERSHIP, THE SET-
TLEMENT BEGAN TO
PROSPER, BUT ONE
YEAR THERE WAS A
TERRIBLE DROUGHT AND
BY MID-WINTER MANY
WERE STARVING.

JOSEPH GAVE MOST
OF HIS STORED GRAIN
TO OTHER FAMILIES AND
EVERY NIGHT HE TOOK
WHATEVER WAS ON HIS
OWN PLATE AND GAVE
ALL OF IT TO HIS
CHILDREN.



ALL HIS LIFE HE HAD BEEN A
HUGE, STRONG MAN, BUT BY
SPRING HE HAD DWINDED TO
NOTHING, ON HIS DEATHBED, HE
CALLED FOR HIS CHILDREN
AND SAID TO THEM:

"I AM JUST A MAN
AND MEN DIE. UNDER-
STAND, IT IS YOU WHO
ARE THE AFRICANER,
YOU ARE THE VOLK
AND THIS IS NOW
YOUR HOME."

AND THEN
HE DIED.

MY FATHER BROUGHT ME HERE
WHEN I WAS A BOY AND TOLD
ME THAT STORY. I THOUGHT
IT IMPORTANT THAT I TELL
YOU NOW, BECAUSE ...



... BECAUSE
YOU ARE MY
SON AND I
LOVE YOU.





THERE ISN'T
MUCH TIME.



NO. THAT IS WHY WE MUST
HURRY. DESECURITY MUST
CHOOSE TO LEAD THIS COUN-
TRY TO ORDER BEFORE THE
FINAL GRAIN FALLS AND
THE EQUINOX PASSES.



I MUST
NOT FAIL
MY GOD--

--AND YOU MUST NOT FAIL ME.
NOW, PICK UP THAT PHONE.



DO YOU KNOW
WHAT HE WILL DO
TO THEM?

YOU'RE
HUMAN, YOU'D
KNOW BETTER
THAN I.



YES, LIEUTENANT WAGNER, PLEASE...
UH... JUST TELL HIM IT'S A FELLOW
AFRIKANER.





I LOVE YOU.

YOU'VE SAID THAT.

YOU'VE MADE ME VERY HAPPY.

I KNOW, YOU'VE SAID THAT TOO.



HAVE I SAID THAT I WANT TO MARRY YOU? THAT I WANT YOU TO MOVE OUT OF THIS DORM OFFICE AND LIVE WITH ME IN A BIG HOUSE FULL OF NOTHING BUT BOOKS AND CHILDREN?



YES, YOU DID, WELL?

I'D LOVE TO.



MY GOD, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL. I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY YOU WERE ATTRACTED TO ME.

SIMPLE. YOUR HAIR. I LOVE MEN WITH GRAY HAIR SO DISTINGUISHED, INTELLIGENT-LOOKING AND FATHERLY. IT DRIVES ME ABSOLUTELY MAD.

EHEM, PERHAPS YOU'D CARE TO RETIRE NOW FOR AN... APERITIF?



I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK.



MMM... MMM--
'WHAP? DID YOU HEAR THAT?

NO.

SSH, SOMEONE'S OUTSIDE THE DOOR--



KK-KRASH!



CHRIST, THAT GUY WAS RIGHT! HOLLANDER'S DIPPING IN THE MUD!



LIEUTENANT WAGNER: WHAT IN THE HELL?

SHUT UP!



I KNEW YOU WERE A MUD-LOVER! THE WAY YOU STICK UP FOR THEM OVER US! I KNEW IT!

HOLLANDER, YOU ARE A BASTARD, A CRIMINAL AND A TRAITOR TO YOUR PEOPLE AND I SHOULD KILL YOU RIGHT NOW.

I'VE DONE NOTHING -- LIE -- WHORE -- IT'S NOT ILLEGAL ANY MORE.

IF GOD SENT MOSES BACK TO EARTH TO REPEAL THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, WOULD YOU GO ROB YOUR NEIGHBOR AND RAPE HIS WIFE?



SOME THINGS, MR. MINISTER, JUST AREN'T RIGHT.

PLEASE -- PLEASE, WAGNER! DON'T HURT HER! SHE'S CARRYING MY CHILD.

DON'T MATTER, BLACK AND WHITE MAKES BROWN AND EVERYBODY KNOWS, GOD MADE BROWN THE COLOR OF SHIT.



LOOK: ISN'T THAT
NILES HOLLANDER'S
CAR?

I WONDER
WHAT HE'S DOING
OUT HERE?

AT THIS HOUR
PROBABLY NONE OF
OUR BUSINESS, BUT;
THEN AGAIN...

WHEEE-O, YOU READ
ALL THESE BOOKS? YOU
KNOW WHAT BOYS,
I THINK WE GOT US ONE
OF THOSE EDUCATED,
LIPPITY, KAFFIR
BITCHES HERE.

PLEASE...WE'VE
DONE NOTHING.



I GOT A FUN LITTLE GAME
FOR BRAINY BITCHES LIKE
YOU, IF YOU PLAY ALONG
EVERYTHING'S GOING TO
BE ALL RIGHT.

IF YOU DON'T
PLAY RUDY HERE
GOTS LOOKING FOR
A HANGER, AND BE-
LIEVE ME, HE AINT
NO DOCTOR.

WAGNER--
DAMN-
GAACK!

NOW, ALL YOU GOT TO
DO IS TAKE THIS BARREL
INTO YOUR MOUTH AND
SUCK ON IT. YOU KNOW
HOW. I KNOW YOU DO.

AND THERE'S NOTHING
TO WORRY ABOUT, IS THERE?
BECAUSE, AS ALL US WELL-
EDUCATED TYPES KNOW,
THIS ISN'T A GUN.

IT'S JUST A PHALLIC
EXTENSION, SO IT COULDN'T
POSSIBLY BLOW THE BACK
OF YOUR HEAD OFF, COULD
IT?

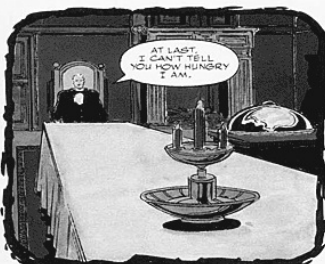
NAHH, SO, GO
AHEAD, SUCK IT.
DO IT!



NO, I
WON'T.







BELIEVE THE SINNERS

THE DEVIL'S BRIGADE

PART 11

FROM THE JOURNAL
OF BALBERITH: CENOBITE--

IT IS THE
TIME OF THE
CONFIGURATION.

REBECCA, YOU MIGHT
BE A BIT GRATEFUL I
RESCUED YOU FROM
SAMUEL'S CLUTCHES.



DAVID, I WASN'T IN
SAMUEL'S "CLUTCHES". I
WAS PART OF HIS RE-
LIGIOUS COMMUNE -- FED,
SHELTERED, AND IF I RE-
PEATED THE AMENS --
'SAVED'.

LOOK, WE BOTH SAW THE
CENOBITES PULL SAMUEL
INTO HELL. WE BOTH
KNOW HOW HE GOT
BACK.

HE WAS SENT BACK,
BEHIND HIS "HELL AND
DAMNATION" MINISTRY.
SAMUEL'S BEEN PREACHING
LEVIATHAN'S GOSPEL.
WE'VE GOT TO TELL
PEOPLE.



NOW THERE'S A CON-
SPIRACY THEORY.

SAMUEL'S BUILT
ONE OF THE
WORLD'S LARGEST
TELEVANGELICAL
MINISTRIES.

WHO'D BELIEVE
US, DAVID?



Nicholas Vince
writer
Sam Kieth
artist
Sam Parsons
color artist
Phil Felix
letterer

UM, WELL, YOU
NEVER KNOW.



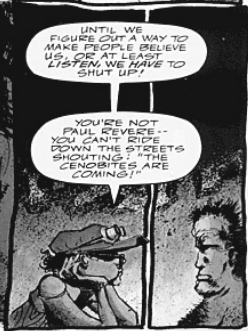
AT BEST WE'D END
UP ON GERALD.

AT WORST, WEAR-
ING THOSE NICE
CANVAS JACKETS
THAT BUCKLE
AT THE REAR.



OKAY,
OKAY.
LET'S
EAT.

IT IS A TIME
TO BE AFRAID.



SINNERS
BEWARE!

FATHER PETER
ABADDON IS
THE KEY CARD
IN MY HAND
WHERE WILL
HE FALL?

THE EMISSARIES OF HELL
WORK AMONGST US, FOR
THESE ARE THE LAST
DAYS...

SPEAKING
OF
SAMUEL...

FRIENDS, THAT WAS
SAMUEL ON ANOTHER
CHANNEL LAST NIGHT.

ONLY MINDS ARE
CLOSED. THE GOD OF
LOVE LISTENS AND
CAN OPEN THEM.

...AND OUR FATE
IS CLOSED

THESE COULD BE THE
LAST DAYS... OF FEAR,
MISTRUST AND HATRED!

THAT HERETIC HIPPIE
ABADDON! ALL SAMUEL
WANTS IS THEM
FORNICATING SINNERS
BURNED!

AIN'T
THAT...

THIEVING
FORNICATORS!

LEVIATHAN TEACHES!
IT'S A MATTER OF
SKILL. A PLAYER
MUST FOLLOW THE
CARDS.

AND MARK THEM WHEN NECESSARY.

THERE IS NOT 'LUCK'
OR 'CHANCE'--THE
CARDS FALL WHERE
PREDICTABLE LAWS
OF MECHANICS
DICTATE.

AND, USING THE
"HAND OF GLORY", I
PLAY MY HAND
INVISIBLY, BUT
SOFTLY HEARD.

PETER,
YOU DO STILL
BELIEVE IN THE
BIBLE DON'T YOU?
MMM? ONLY, YOUR
T.V. SHOW--EHM--
YOU DON'T MENTION
IT OFTEN--EHM--
ANYWAY, IT'S
JUST--

...RECEIVED
MASSIVE
SPONSOR-
SHIP

ACTUALLY,
YOUR GRACE,
SINCE LUKE'S
DEATH, I
DOUBT I'M
RIGHT TO
CONTINUE.

"RIGHT"?
AHEM, WELL...
YES YOU
AHM... WELL...

O-
BED-
I-
ENCE.

WE,
I, THAT IS,
ROME
INSTRUCTS YOU.
YOU HAVE
BROUGHT
HUNDREDS
TO THE
FOLD.

YOU
FORGOT
YOUR VOW
OF OBE-
D-
ENCE.

"YOU MUST CONTINUE." LUKE, I PREACH
AN OPEN MIND,
BUT SUCH A MIND IS UNPROTECTED
FROM THE WORM OF DOUBT AND
IT GNAWS AT ME.



LUKE, I HEAR
A VOICE, ITCHING
IN MY MIND.

IS IT
YOU?
WHAT
ARE YOU
ACCUSING
ME OF?



LUKE,
PLEASE...

...FORGIVE
ME.



"TRUE
FAITH MUST
CONTAIN DOUBT."
YOUR WORDS,
PRIEST, YOUR
WORDS.



FATHER,
YOU MUST
FORGIVE
YOURSELF.



I'VE PLAYED MY HAND

I ENCOURAGE BOTH SAMUEL'S
FASCIST CRUSADE AND RIVAL
PETER ABADDON'S, BUT
SEED ABADDON WITH
DOUBTS.

WHEN ABADDON'S FOLLOWING
BETS SAMUEL'S, I TWIST
ABADDON AND HIS MESSAGE,
REMOVE SAMUEL, AND LEAD
THE TWO CONGREGATIONS TO
FOLLOW A NEW INQUISITION:
AN AGE OF GREATER ORDER.

MY WHISPERED PROMPTS,
SO EASILY TAKEN FOR
PRICKLING DOUBT, NEVER
ALLOW ABADDON TO
SUSPECT THE WEB TIGHT
AROUND HIM.

SAMUEL
IS AN AGENT
OF HELL.

SHE TALKED OF ACCEPTING ONE'S
FAULTS, TREATING DOUBTS AS
PHANTOMS AND DEMONS AS REAL!

SHE EVEN TOLD OF
LESION'S SCARRING
OF SAMUEL'S HAND!

THESE TWO ARE
'WILD CARDS';
THE JOKER AND
THE FOOL.

THEY CANNOT
BE ALLOWED.

HE'S NOT
TELLING
IT WELL.

UNTIL
NOW.

DOES
SHE
FOUL
THE
GAME

AND ABADDON
LISTENED WITH
AN OPEN MIND

YOU MAY NOT LIKE SAMUEL,
BUT YOU CANNOT BELIEVE HE
IS IN LEAGUE WITH THE
DEVIL.

I THINK I
BELIEVE YOU...

--BUT YOU
MUST PROVE
YOUR STATE-
MENTS.

THE WORLD TURNS.

CENTURIES AGO AT LOUPON, AS A NUN, I
HELPED DESTROY A PRIEST, GRANDIER,
TOO STUPID TO SEE THE POLITICAL
MACHINATIONS BEHIND HIS PLIGHT; BY
CALLING ON IMAGINARY DEVILS.

TODAY, AS A GENOBIOTE TO DIS-
CREDIT A CHILD, I CALL UPON
AN EMISSARY OF LEVIATHAN'S,
TO DENY HIS GOD'S EXISTENCE.

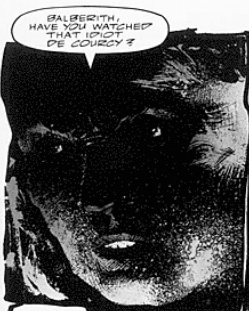
I AM AFRAID. I DO NOT
KNOW HE WILL BE
BELIEVED.

...PHONE COLLECTION
NETTED \$26,098.82;
THIS REPRESENTS A
12.2% RISE OVER...

...SEVERAL MINOR RIOTS
SUPPRESSED IN VOLKS-
LAND, AS TENSION OVER
THE REFORMS OF...

I FEEL
YOU! DEAD
PRESENCE.

WELCOME,
BALBERITH.



GALBERTH,
HAVE YOU WATCHED
THAT IDIOT
DE COURCY?



IF I
WERE HIM,
THOSE DAMNED
INSURGENTS
WOULD BE
CRUSHED AND
INCARCERATED.
ANY FOOL
CAN SEE --



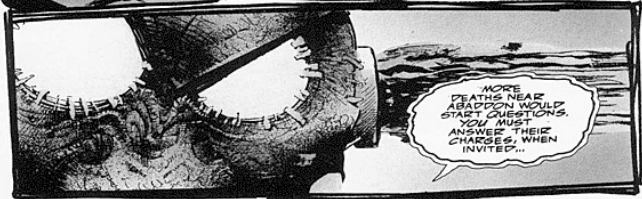
LISTEN,
SAMUEL, YOUR
PROPAGAS, DAVID
AND REBECCA,
ARE CURRENTLY
TELLING TALES TO
ABADDON!



THEN
WHY HAVEN'T
YOU
SILENCED
THEM?



OBEY,
DON'T
QUESTION,
SAMUEL.



MORE
DEATHS NEAR
ABADDON WOULD
START QUESTIONS.
YOU MUST
ANSWER THEIR
CHARGES, WHEN
INVITED...

"YOU DESTROY THEIR CREDIBILITY. I WILL DO THE REST."

THESE ACCUSATIONS ARE RIDICULOUS, FATHER ABADDON. THEY ARE SIMPLY HERETICS OR HYSTERIC.

AND YET--YOUR HAND IS STRANGELY SCARRED, WHICH YOU DO NOT EXPLAIN.

AND YOUR CRUSADE STRIKES ME AS DEVILISH.

I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN FACE HIM, DAVID.

HE CAN'T HURT YOU, BECKY.

LORD ABADDON'S DOUBTS DIMINISH AS HE FALTERS TOWARD THE TRUTH. THE WINDS OF CHAOS RUSTLE THE CARDS.

AND HOW DO THEY PROVE THEIR STORY TO THE WORLD?

THEY CALL THE DEVIL, LEVIATHAN; HIS DEMONS, CENOBITES.

THEY HAVE ONLY TO CONVINCE ME, SAMUEL.

I'LL TELL THE PEOPLE YOU MADE BELIEVE IN "EMISSARIES OF HELL."

WHO BELIEVES IN THESE NAMES? HOW WILL YOU CONVINCE THE CHURCH OF ROME AND YOUR FOLLOWERS?

YOU DO NOT DENY THE CHARGES, BUT ISSUE THREATS.

THE ACTIONS OF A GUILTY MAN.

OH GOD, I THINK WE MIGHT JUST WIN.

A FINAL DESPERATE HAND MUST BE PLAYED. EXTINGUISHING A FINGER ON MY FLAMING HAND OF GLORY WILL MAKE ME VISIBLE TO ANOTHER PLAYER.

I MUST CONSIDER THIS.

HELLO, REBECCA.

DAVID, DON'T YOU SEE HER?

THERE'S A CENOBITE HERE!

...BUT ONLY ONE.



OH...
FATHER!

REBECCA
CAN SEE A
CENOBIOTE!
HERE!
NOW!

BUT, YOU
SAID BEFORE,
YOU ALL SAW
LEGION.



AS I SAID,
THESE ARE CHILDISH
DELUSIONS.



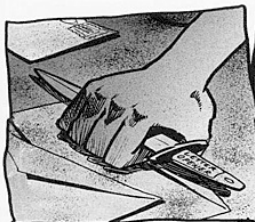
AND YOU
ARE HELP-
LESS NOW,
REBECCA.
HELPLESS.

ABADDON DOESN'T
BELIEVE YOU NOW,
REBECCA, SO HE
WILL TALK TO YOU
AS A CHILD.



IT'S ALL
RIGHT, REBECCA,
THERE'S NOTHING
THERE.

NEXT, HE'LL
BE TELLING
YOU NURSERY
RHYMES.



FATHER ABADDON,
HOW CAN YOU
BELIEVE IN
GOD AND NOT
BELIEVE IN
A DEVIL?



OR IS IT
THAT YOUR MIND
IS CLOSED?

WHAT WOULD
IT TAKE TO
MAKE YOU
SEE? MY
BODY? MY
BLOOD?



REMEMBER
THIS ONE?
"HERE COMES A
CANDLE TO LIGHT
YOU TO BED."

NO, I...
THAT IS...



"HERE
COMES A
CHOPPER..."

"...TO CHOP
OFF YOUR HEAD."
PAGE 14, LITTLE
TOMMY THUMB'S
PRETTY SONG
BOOK.





AT TIMES, INHERENT STUPIDITY
MAKES A TASK
EASIER.

LATER,
THE RIVALS
CHATTED.



I'VE VISITED
ASYLUMS, SAMUEL.
WE DIDN'T PUT
THEM THERE FOR
THEIR GOOD,
BUT OURS.

SURELY YOU DON'T
STILL HARBOUR DOUBTS,
ABADDON? THEY WERE
OBVIOUSLY DELUDED PARA-
NOIDS, OR THEY WERE
EMISSARIES OF CHAOS,
SENT TO DESTROY ME
AND FERNAN'S
EVEN YOU.



GOOD NIGHT,
ABADDON. I
WILL... PRAY
FOR THE CHILDREN.



OH LORD, DOES
MY CRUSADE BRING
ONLY DESTRUCTION
TO THOSE WHO
FOLLOW ME?

YOU DISAPPOINT ME, PRIEST.

IN LOUDON,
THEY LANCED
GRANDIER'S
TESTICLES, TORE
HIS NAILS FROM
HIS FINGERS
AND CRUSHED
HIS LEG IN
'THE BOOT'.

HE CONFESSED ONLY TO
HIS BELIEF IN HIS GOD
AND IN HIMSELF.

WE'VE A WAYS YET TO
GO IN THIS GAME,
BUT I HAVE A FAITH
THAT ABADDON IS
LOSING.

FAITH, AND
PATIENCE.
AND TIME.

THE END



MIRAN KIM © 11



It's official: the Horror is back. After a long wait, and frequent, but by no means empty, promises from ourselves, Clive and various others, **Hellraiser III: Hell On Earth** is due out in April. Screenwriter Pete Atkin's (fans of this book will remember him as the writer of **Hellraiser II: Hellbound**, as well as the third issue's "Songs of Metal and Flesh") has carved out another impressive chapter in this mythology. In Pete's words, **Hellraiser III** is "...very much a Pinhead movie and, without giving too much away, it is both a prequel and a sequel to **Hellbound**. We don't go to Hell in this movie, Hell comes to us, and I think audiences will experience a mixture of horror, action, fun and incredible performances."

But that's not the point of this afterword.

The first **Hellraiser: Book of the Damned** was a resounding success among critics, fans and industry insiders alike, prompting the creation of another illicit peek into Hell's keyholes and through it's blood red curtains. The second volume of the **Book of the Damned** will feature glimpses into the newest addition to Clive's Epic mythology, **The Harrowers**. We'll also have more pages of Isadora Klauski's famous book, **Of Hell**, chapters of which graced the first volume, and whetted appetites for more secrets, and spectacular don't-read-this-book-alone visuals.

And that's not the point, either.

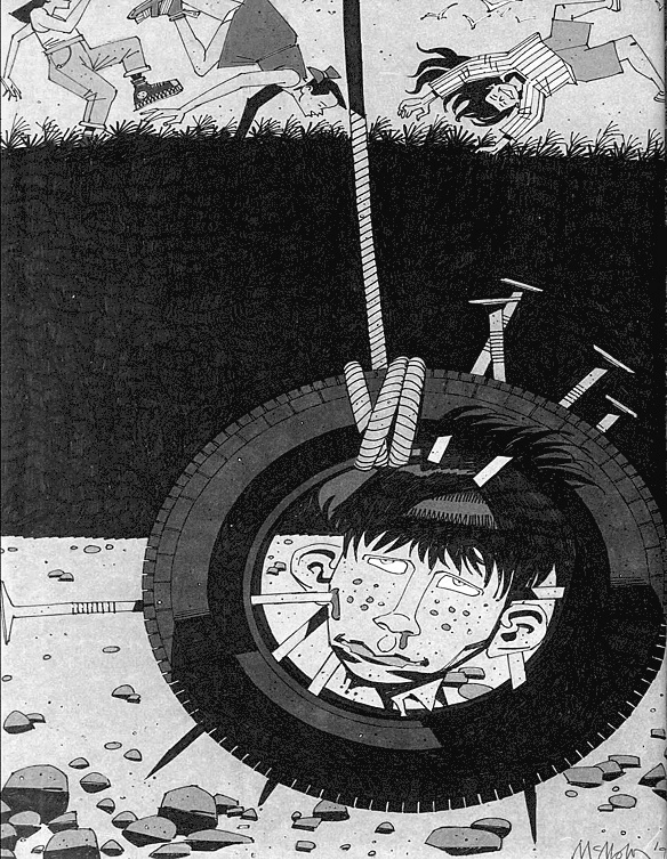
The tenth issue of **Hellraiser**, at this writing, is purportedly doing quite well; the incredible limited edition embossed foil cover with artwork by Bill Sienkiewicz is flying off the shelves across the country. We're looking forward to doing more special landmark issues like that one in this landmark series, and hope all of you out there were pleased with that effort, and our new, lower price. We're anxiously awaiting your comments.

But now, the point.

In our fourth year, we'll continue the regular six-weekly **Hellraiser** bookshelf, which has and will set the pace for quality. In April, the release of the movie will herald a brand new epic explosion of Barker-related titles, including our official and very special **Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth Movie Adaptation**, written by Pete Atkins and the **Book of the Damned Volume 2**. In the months ahead plan on a lot more bang for your buck from the office that makes fear a daily requirement, in the pages of **Nightbreed**, **The Harrowers**, and other specials.

What's the point? Be here, and stay sharp. You'll get it. . .

— Marc McLaurin
editor





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Step up to the terrible ten-in-one at
the center of Clive Barker's dark
carnival. Waiting for you in tonight's
sinister sideshow. . .

Yowzah! Take a tour through the halls of
hell, where love and pain become one!
Yowzie! South African Stormtroopers
walk on a bed of burning humanity!
Yowzah! Holy Man oddity in the
clutches of the devil!

Call them freaks, if you must, call them
aberrations. Just be sure to call
them yours. . .

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